Aum. God ſaue your Grace; I do beſech your Maieſtie,
To haue ſome conference with your Grace alone.

King. Withdraw your ſelues, and leaue vs heere alone:
What is the matter with our Coſin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon ere I riſe or ſpeake.

King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the firſt, how heynous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

King. Haue thy deſire.

The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.

Yorke. My liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.

King. Villaine, Ile make thee ſafe.

Au. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King,
Shall I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

King. What is the matter vncle, ſpeake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?

Yorke. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know,
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe:
I tore it from the traitors boſome (King)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, leſt thy pitty proue
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart,

King. O heynous, ſtrong, and bolde conſpiracy!
O loyall father of a treacherous ſonne!
Thou ſheere immaculate and ſiluer Fountaine,

From

Line 11. That may turne.